

The Black and Gold



The Senior Class Number
Winston City High School

MAY, 1912



The Twin-City Daily Sentinel

First in Service to the Reader

First in Service to the Advertiser

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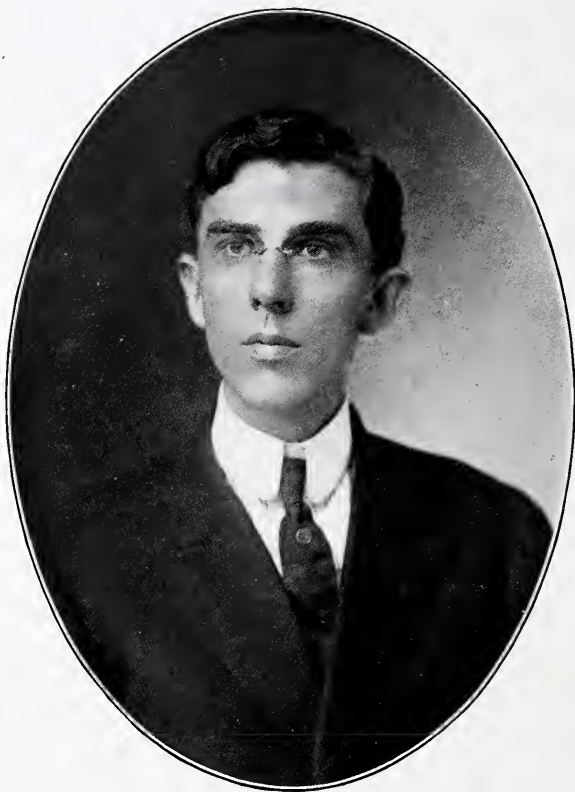
Masonic Temple

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L. LEA WHITE,
Principal Winston City High School

The Black and Gold

*Published four times during each School Year by the
Students of the Winston City High School*

VOL. II.

MAY, 1912

No. 4

SENIOR CLASS NUMBER

Faculty

R. H. Latham,
Superintendent.

L. Lea White,
Principal.

Anna Lula Dobson,
Principal Commercial Department.

Annie W. Wiley,
Supervisor Teacher Training.

L. Lea White	Science
J. H. Clement	History
T. A. Holton	Mathematics
Eleanor L. Follin	Latin
Mary C. Wiley	English
Beatrice Bulla	Modern Languages
Mary Stuart Brunson	Mathematics and Geography
Undine Futrell	History and English
Claude Poindexter	Ungraded Room
Sallie Hamlin Grimes	Typewriting

Senior Class

Class of 1912

Colors: Red and Gold.

OFFICERS

Luther Ferrell	President
Ernestine Lott	Vice President
Mary Grogan	Secretary
Robert Vaughn.....	Treasurer

Class Roll

Sudie Scales Byerly	Linville Kerr Martin
Margaret Emeline Craver	May Bradley Norman
David Dunlap Crawford	William Edward Pell
Harry Lee Dalton	Sudie Mae Self
Wesley Luther Ferrell	Moses Shapiro
Mary Grogan	Paul Evans Sprinkle
Mary Adele Horton	Robert Candler Vaughn
Ernestine Adams Lott	Paul Lee Walker
Mamie Ellen Wall	

Organizations

Charles D. McIver Literary Society.

President	Mary Horton
First Vice-President	Louise Crute
Second Vice-President.....	Ila Howard
Secretary	Sudie Byerly
Critic	Emily Gray
Corrector	Mamie Whaling

Programme Committee

Chairman, Mary Horton.

Blanche Buxton, Ernestine Lott, Mary Grogan, Ruth Anderson, Esther Jenkins.

Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society.

President	Harry Dalton
Vice-President	Luther Ferrell
Secretary	William Wright
Marshall	Raymond Maxwell
Critic	Mr. J. H. Clement

Executive Committee

Chairman	Moses Shapiro
Secretary	Luther Ferrell
Members: David Crawford, Robert Vaughn, F. Hutchins.	

Athletic Association.

President	Fred Hutchings
Vice-President	David Crawford
Secretary and Treasurer	Harry Dalton
Baseball Manager	Luther Ferrell
Captain	Dennis Fogleman

Scientific Club.

President	Robert Vaughn
Secretary and Treasurer	Allan Sharpe

Orchestra.

Pianist	Miss Futrell
Concert Master	William Wright
First Violin	William Wright, Allan Sharpe
Second Violin	Helen Fletcher, Ralph Tucker, Miss Bulla
Cornet	Edward Crosland
Drum and Triangle	Harrel Speer

Glee Club.

President	Edward Crosland
First Vice-President	Mary Horton
Second Vice-President	Mary Sue Henly
Secretary	Ernest Hedgecock
Press Reporter	Jessie James



SUDIE BYERLY

"With a most knowing eye."

'12. Secretary Charles D.
McIver Literary Society.

MARGARET CRAVER

"Quiet, but wise."





DAVID CRAWFORD

"There's a laughing Devil in his eye."

'11. Vice-President Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Vice-President Athletic Association, '11, '12.

'12. Member Executive Committee Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society.

HARRY DALTON

"Why man, he doth bestride this narrow world like a Colossus".

'11. Business Manager "Black and Gold," Secretary Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Treasurer Dramatic Club, Class Orator, Declamation Medal at Guilford College.

'12. President Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association.





LUTHER FERRELL
"Cubby"

"Small in statue, with a full rounded head."

'12. President Class, Manager Base Ball Team '11, '12.

'12. Vice-President Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Member Executive Committee Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society.

MARY GROGAN

"Happy and free from care was she."

'11, '12. Secretary Class. '11 Critic Charles D. McIver Literary Society, member Programme Committee Dramatic Club.

'12. Member Programme Committee Charles D. McIver Literary Society, Exchange Editor "Black and Gold".





MARY HORTON

"A gem of purest ray serene."

'11. Vice-President Class, Member Programme Committee Charles D. McIver Literary Society.

'12. President Charles D. McIver Literary Society, Editor-in-Chief "Black and Gold", Vice-President Glee Club.

ERNESTINE LOTT
"Teny"

"Her air, her manner, all who saw admired."

'11. President Dramatic Club, Assistant Editor "Black and Gold", '11, '12,

'12. Vice-President Class, Member Programme Committee Chas. D. McIver Literary Society.





LINVILLE MARTIN

"The poet's eye in fine
frenzy rolling."

'11. Class Poet, '12, Athe-
letic Editor "Black and
Gold."

WILLIAM PELL
"Seesir"

"Wise as an owl, solemn as
a judge."

'11. Member Staff "Black
and Gold", Received Schol-
arship to Wake Forest.





SUDIE SELF

"Her hearts' as true as steel."

'11. Corrector Chas. D. McIver Literary Society, Valedictorian, was awarded Montague Medal and Scholarship to Elizabeth College. '12. Member of Executive Committee of Chas. D. McIver Literary Society.

MOSES SHAPIRO

"He has a head to contrive and a hand to execute."

'11, '12. Business Manager "Black and Gold," Chairman Executive Committee Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, won Scholarship to University of North Carolina.



PAUL SPRINKLE

"A proper man as one shall
see on a summer's day."



ROBERT VAUGHN

"He is a great observer and
he looks quite through the
deeds of men."

'12. President Scientific
Club, Treasurer of Class,
on Review and Exchange
List "Black and Gold,"
member Executive Com-
mittee Calvin H. Wiley
Literary Society.

'11. Awarded Scholarship
to Trinity College.



MAMIE WALL

"She's pretty to walk with,
witty to talk with, and
pleasant to think on."

The South

Glorious South! How proud she stands,
Her glory spreads through many lands.
Her name brought fame and honor too
To those who labored bravely through
What then was struggle, toil and strife,
To gain what seemed the end of life.

Beautiful South! A fairy land!
Sunshine and flowers on every hand;
To the western sky rise mountains high;
In her valleys rich pastures lie;
Broad rivers flow onward to the sea.
Oh, the South, the South, is the land for me!
—Moses Shapiro.



this way several hundred candles could be made in a day. There were several different kinds of candle holders, which were made of wood, bronze, tin, and all kinds of metals. These candle holders suggested the lamps. At first the lamp was made on the order of the candle. The lard was put into a tin vessel, in the middle of which was a small cylinder, a bit of cotton was put in the cylinder and then lighted. A little later came the German vapor lamps. In the bottom of this lamp melted lard was poured; and the wick, which had previously been saturated with liquid, was then lighted, which heated liquid into vapor and thus kept the lamp burning. Then came the kerosine lamp with prisms attached to it, and finally an electric light bulb which was used in Salem in 1881. The matches in early days were made by dipping cedar matches into sulphur.

The second fire-engine brought to America is in the museum. This engine was used for years by the early inhabitants of Salem. It is a quaint wooden affair not much longer than a large wheel-barrow with a handle to it and gutta-percha buckets placed on either side of it.

The oldest printing-press in North Carolina is also in the Wachovia museum. This press was brought to Hillsboro, N. C. before the Revolutionary War, and while there it was used to print some of the various proclamations of Lord Cornwallis. About 1827 it was purchased by Mr. John C. Blum of Salem, N. C., who established the printing business in Salem and began the publication of "Blum's Almanac". The "Weekly Gleaner" was published in Salem in 1829. In looking over the old pile of "The Gleaner", I saw a quaint notice of a new machine invented by a man in Michigan, for printing letters. The article said that a young lady could sit in front of this machine and play on it just as she would on a piano, and in the



THE FIRST YEAR CLASS. SECTION B.

course of an hour or two she could write on this as fast as she could write with a pencil.

One of my friends who was with me said that the most interesting things to him were the cooking utensils. But there are so many of these that I can name only a few of the most important. There is the old-fashioned bake-oven, the clay crockery, the wooden sausage-grinder, the coffee roaster, which was fastened on a stick and put over the fire on a hook, meat and hash choppers, the long handled skillets, an apple peeler, pots of every description and size, batter-cake turners, steak dishes from Germany, and huge plates.

In addition to these articles used by white settlers, there are many Indian relics such as Indian baskets, made by Indians in South America, idols, dishes, woven baskets, arrow heads, cocoanut vases and bowls which were fashioned out of a cocoanut, Indian saddles, moccasins, skins, and as a fitting climax to the Indian relics, there is a child's scalp that was found by a man at Old Town, N. C., in 1905, while sawing into a poplar log.

Other things of interest that cannot be classified are; flags used in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, old fashioned organs with one pedal and six stops, three on a side; old piano, one of which was played at a reception given to George Washington; pieces of the ill-fated battleship Maine; old tooth-pullers, that makes the bravest of hearts shudder to look at; knee and shoebuckles; all kinds of locks; ink-holders a hundred years of age; scales for weighing foreign coin; sea trunk covered with hair; quaint hat boxes; petrified wood; oil paintings; mangle; ironing machines; sun dials; cyclometers, and typewriters.

In walking through the old hall of the museum, in standing in the midst of its wonderful collection, I found myself face to face with many generations of men and women. First



THE FIRST YEAR CLASS. SECTION C.

A Story of Old Salem



OR several days straggling bands of militia had been passing through the little village of Salem. It was during that period of the Revolutionary War when Greene, closely pursued by Cornwallis, was making his famous retreat across our State.

"Karl, look down the hill! There comes another band of Red Coats," said a young lad, appearing around the corner of the single Brethren's House. There the two boys stood with wide-opened eyes, gazing longingly at the band approaching until the call of Herr Schmidt summoned them back to their work. Just at that moment, the news was brought that Cornwallis had crossed the Yadkin and was nearing Salem. However, this stirred but little emotion in the breasts of the Moravian boys, since they were accustomed to take everything quietly.

The little village itself seemed to speak peace and comfort. While the other settlers in the country around were suffering hardship in their pioneer homes, the Moravians were enjoying the comforts of the old country. Their life centered around their church. It was for their church, they held their lands, plowed their fields, wrought at all kinds of trades. It was according to the customs of their church that they brought up their young people, placing the boys at an early age in the Single Brethren's House that they might be taught some trade, and the girls in the Single Sisters' House. The young girls and boys of the village were allowed no social intercourse. When the girls walked out, they might not pass by the Single Brethren's house, while the Single Brethren were not allowed even to look at the girls.

Believing that it was wrong to fight, the Moravians took no actual part in the Revolutionary War. Thus, it was



that the most stirring ambition of the young man's life—to do deeds of valor for his country—was denied Karl and the other young men of the Brethren's House.

File by file the Red Coats marched into Salem. A little past noon, Cornwallis and his staff drove up the cobblestoned streets, and halting before the quaint, tile-roofed home of the Single Sisters, they were about to take possession, when in great consternation, Herr Marshall and the head of the church came flying across the square.

"Your Lordship," they said in their most courtly fashion, "it will never do, the Single Brethren's House must be your headquarters."

So to the Single Brethren's House they departed.

"Have your best supper served," was Herr Marshall's orders. So to the kitchen, Herr Schmidt, the head of the house, went with a smile on his round face, and began naming to the cook various good things which he thought would please his Lordship. Suddenly he stopped, arrested by the look on the cook's face, a look of unutterable scorn. He inquired what was the matter, and was told that if anybody thought he was going to cook supper for those "Red Coats" they were sadly mistaken. He couldn't fight them, but he certainly wasn't going to cook for them. It was in vain that Herr Schmidt remonstrated with him, mildly at first, but soundly, as the cook remained stubborn. Finally, in low spirit he sought out Herr Marshall and told him the state of affairs. But Herr Marshall received no better results in talking with the cook, so he and Herr Schmidt, after a hurried consultation in the hall, decided that some one must go over to the Sisters' House and see if they would not prepare supper for their distinguished guest.

Now of all the girls in the Sisters' House, there were none who could cook so beautifully as Anne Henrietta and Gretchen, so when it was found that supper was to be pre-



THE THIRD YEAR CLASS.

pared in the Sisters' House for Cornwallis, the elderly sister, who had charge of the kitchen, begged that these young girls might assist her in serving a meal, in keeping with the housewifely reputation of the Moravians. So that was why it was that Karl and Johan, when they came with great hampers to carry the supper across the street, had chance for a word with their beloved play-mates of the old Infant-School days.

"How fine a thing it is to be a soldier," said Karl.

"As if you knew anything about it," answered Anne Henrietta, "cobbling about in the Brethren's House," for Karl was learning to be a cobbler.

"If I were a man," said Gretchen, "I would go out in the world and do something".

The boys determined as they went back to the Brethren's House to show Anne Henrietta and Gretchen that they could do something. As they were serving the supper to Cornwallis, they overheard some of his plans for out-witting Greene. As if oblivious to the fact that the two boys were in the room, Cornwallis began bragging about a certain trap he had set to catch Greene in.

"Now is the time," said Karl, as they slipped from the room, "to do something for our country. For after all, we are Americans, and though we have not been able to show our love for our country, even now we may prove that we are patriots."

They slipped down to the barn to talk over their plans. Several days before this, stragglers from Greene's army had passed through Salem and through them the boys had learned that Greene was making for Guilford Court House. Now at the supper table, Cornwallis had bragged of a certain trap he was setting to prevent Greene from uniting his two forces at Guilford.

"If we could just get to Greene before Cornwallis can



THE HIGH SCHOOL SCIENTIFIC CLUB.

carry out his plans," said Karl, "we could save his whole army".

"Oh" said Johan, "I have a plan. I know of a short cut to Greene's army. Last summer when we were bringing the store supplies from Cross Creek, Herr Bagge showed it to us. Even if the Red Coats get an hour or two start of us, we can beat them after all."

The boys hid until the great clock in the Brethren's House struck nine. They knew then the House was closed for the night.

"Perhaps that's the last stroke of the clock we shall ever hear," said Johan soberly. It would have taken but little persuasion to have kept him from the adventure. But Karl was of stouter heart.

"Now's our time," whispered he, "we had as well die serving our country as doing anything else." And so he led his friend out of the little town, down past the Sisters' House into the great woods beyond.

As they passed by the Sisters' House, they thought they saw a slight figure at one of the windows. Karl crept up to the window.

"A cobbler may serve his country," he said softly. He waited a moment. Then casting a last lingering glance at the little window, he swiftly joined his comrade.

The next day found the boys in Greene's camp and when the Red Coats came up, hoping to surprise the brave Americans in their camps, they found, to their disgust, the very dinners on the fire but the soldiers gone.

At the close of the war, Johan and Karl returned to Salem, and not a person in the whole town but was glad to welcome them back. There were two, especially, who were glad to see them, the two shy maidens who had helped them



THE HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB.

in their adventure and had as patiently watched for their return.

Today their children proudly say that the success of the Americans in part rested on their great grand-fathers and grand-mothers.

—Mary Horton, '12.

—Ernestine Lott, '12.

—Mamie Wall, '12.

Two Lads and the Indians

A Story of Colonial Days



O, David, my son, I can't let thee go. My heart misgives me when I think of the long cold way, the danger that awaits thee, the Indians."

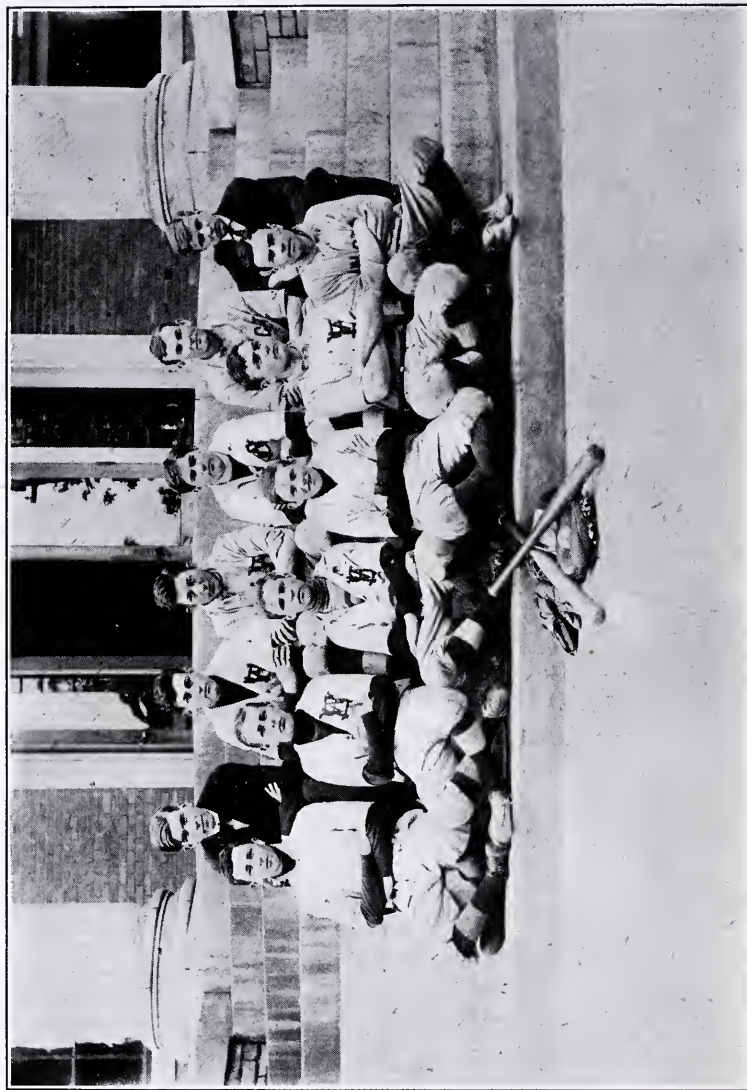
"Pshaw, mother, dost thou think thy boy a coward?"

"Thou knowest thy mother hast no such thought, David," replied the mother, quickly, a soft flush overspreading her pale face.

"Then, mother, let me go," said David impulsively. Then seeing the look of pain in the dear eyes, he said more gently, "It's for our sakes, mother, for the sake of baby John, for Esther and Mary, for myself, your first born, that thou must get strong and well."

"And the good Moravian doctor can cure thee so quickly, mother," Esther's soft voice added to her brother's. "Just say David can go and we'll have him off and back again before thou knowest it."

The mother wearily closed her eyes. She knew that day



THE HIGH SCHOOL BASE BALL TEAM.

by day she was losing strength. She felt that there was no earthly physician who could cure her. Yet she would not discourage her children. Perhaps after all, it would be best for the good Moravian to know about her children. When she was gone—

“Mother,” David’s strong young voice broke in upon her thoughts, “see, the sun has come out to bid me go forth.” He pointed to the window, where for the first time in days, the sun could be seen breaking from behind the gray clouds.

“Go, my son,” with a mother’s unselfish love, Mrs. Forrest yielded to the entreaties of her children, “and the God of the fatherless protect thee from all danger.”

With his father’s old gun across his shoulder, David set out with a stout heart. It was well he was young and brave, for an unbroken forest lay between his home and the settlement of the Moravians many miles away. The winter had been unusually cold, and the wild beasts, unable to procure food, had become so desperate they would come almost to the doors of the cabins. Even now, though spring had come, it was dangerous for anyone to go through the forest alone, for not only were the beasts as fierce as ever, but the Indians were on the war path, and at any moment a traveller might come upon them. But David was not afraid, and when he started on his walk, the air was so fresh and cool that he felt as though he could walk a thousand miles.

But it was hard walking through the unbroken forest. There were swollen streams to cross, in places the undergrowth was so dense, David had to cut his way through, there were long stretches of woods where the sun never shone, his feet sank in the soft ground, made slippery and treacherous by the spring rains. At times he could hear the hungry wolves away in the distance, and once the scream of a wild cat broke the deathly stillness of the forest.



THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

More than once he lost his way and had it not been for the thought of his sick mother, he would have given up in despair, but urged on by love, he time after time retraced his footsteps.

As the day was growing to a close, he reached a little cleared space. Before the light faded entirely, he thought he could gather some underbrush and build a camp-fire. At the first streak of day, then he would press on to Bethabara. It was no use trying to get there in the pitchy darkness. Suddenly a queer sound made him stop and listen—a stifled groan or grunt right behind him. He whirled quickly, expecting to find—he knew not what. But there was nothing. He beat around in the bushes, he listened, but he heard no sound but his own fast beating heart. Grasping his gun, ready to use it at a moment's notice, he pushed forward. This was no place to encamp for the night. After a half hour's march he sank down with exhaustion. Again the queer sound broke upon the stillness of the night. David grasped his gun. It was too dark to see anything. He had a queer sensation, he felt that some one was near him. "Who are you?" his own voice startled him. Away in the distance, a pack of wolves began answering one another.

Half frantic with fear, the boy started off again. Cooling down after a while, however, he began to think that perhaps it was only his imagination, after all.

So finding a sheltered spot underneath an overhanging boulder, he gathered a handful of twigs and started a fire. By the light of the fire he gathered enough brush to last during the night. As the cheerful blaze lighted up the darkness, he began to feel better and taking his supper out of his bag, he leaned back against the rock to enjoy himself. Overcome by cold and weariness, he soon fell asleep. He did not know how long he had slept. He awakened sud-

denly, with the feeling that some one was near him. He saw that his fire had been replenished during his sleep. In sudden fear he reached out for his gun. It was gone.

“Da-veed”, the name spoken in softly broken tones, brought the boy to himself.

There in the dark shadow, half knelt an Indian squaw, an old woman, whom David’s mother had often befriended. In broken tones she told him how she had followed him all night, how the Indians had planned to destroy Bethabara the next day, how in the darkness of the night they were surrounding the little village, and as the sun rose in the morning they were going to fall upon the unsuspecting settlement and kill every man, woman and child. The Moravians had been kind to the old woman and she had started out to warn them. But she was old and sick, and when she found David going on the way to Bethabara, she determined that he should carry the message. So that was why she let him sleep, that he might with refreshed energies, start out in time to reach Bethabara before daybreak.

Having learned of the old woman of a short way to reach Bethabara, David started at once on his perilous journey.

Half dead with weariness and exhaustion, he at length reached the outskirts of Bethabara, only to find that the high palisade around the town prevented him from entering. He was afraid to attract the sentinel’s attention, lest he might also attract the attention of the Indians. While he foundered along, looking for some opening, he stumbled over some roots and fell heavily to the ground. The softest bed in the country would not have felt better to him, at that time, than the hard cold ground he had fallen on; but he resisted the temptation of remaining in that position, and some how managed to crawl to his feet. Suddenly the sound of running water struck his ear, and going forward he saw a small stream which ran under the palisade and

into the village. His joy knew no bounds. Falling on his knees in the snow, he offered up a silent prayer of thanksgiving to God, then with renewed strength he arose and examined the narrow opening. He saw the only way he could get in would be to swim, for the water was several feet deep at this point, so wrapping up his shoes in his coat and tying them to his back, he plunged into the icy stream. The water was so cold that it almost took his breath away, but getting his second wind, he kept on and in about five minutes he crawled up on the bank and began to jump up and down in order to get his blood circulating.

The little village of Bethabara lay asleep in the chilly darkness. No sound could be heard except the low moan of the wind as it passed over the village, into the graveyard beyond. The old watchman had just turned in, after the last hour of the night, with "Day is breaking and all's well with the town."

It was a very quaint little village, with its cobble-stone streets, its tiny square in the heart of the village, with the comfortable homes clustered around, the Brethren's House, the Single Sisters' House, the one store of the village, the blacksmith's shop, the cobbler's, the hatter's, the church.

The church was a low, rambling building, with many windows and doors. Even in the dim light of the early morning it had a homey look about it. David knew that the minister and his family lived in the church, for once, years before, he had visited Bethabara with his father. He knew that Hans Peter, the minister's son was a lad just about his age, and he decided that it was to Hans Peter he would give the message.

Now it was Hans Peter's business to ring the church bell every morning for sunrise prayer. For these good Moravians were in the habit of asking God's blessing upon their town each morning. It was an hour or two before time

for the warning bell, but for some reason Hans Peter couldn't sleep that morning. The old watchman had just waked him up with his cry under his window, "All's well with the town.'

So he heard David's knocking at the door, and putting his head out the window, he caught the half-whispered message, "The Indians!"

Now it was well known in Bethabara that when the Indians threatened the village that the church bell should be rung as a signal for the men to gather their arms and for the women and children to assemble at the church for protection. So when Hans Peter heard that dreaded cry, "The Indians!" he ran to the belfry, and seizing the rope, he rang the bell for dear life.

Ding-dong! ding-dong! sounded the little bell in the clear morning air. The Indians, crouching low behind the palisade, waiting for the sun to rise to begin their work of bloodshed and fire, were terrified when they heard the bell pealing out. Thinking the unheard-of-sound was some charm the pale faces were working for their harm they turned and fled to their camps miles away. Nor did they soon attempt another attack against the little settlement.

While, as for David,—the grateful Moravians not only bade their good doctor accompany him home to cure his sick mother, but told him to bring the little family back with him that they might live in Bethabara until the Indian troubles were ended.

—Class of 1912.

Winston-Salem in the Literary World



UR town has reason to be proud of the versatility of its writers, ranging from the light verse to the law itself.

In the newspaper world the name of Mrs. Lindsay Patterson stands high. Well known as a leader among the club women of our state, having been President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and also Vice-Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, she is better known, perhaps, as a contributor to the Charlotte Observer and other State papers. Mrs. Patterson has conferred a great benefit to our State from a literary standpoint by the establishment of the "Patterson Memorial Cup." This has been a great incentive to the literary workers of our State.

Another well known newspaper writer of North Carolina is Miss Jennie Buford. Though not living in our town at the present time, I feel justified in mentioning her, as she spent a great part of her life here. Miss Buford is a recognized authority in the newspaper world. She is very versatile in her writing, which includes every thing from verse to deep political subjects.

For years students of Southern Literature have ranked John Henry Boner among the great poets of the South. Born in Salem in 1845, Boner spent the early part of his life in this quaint old town, and no doubt it was the tender memories of early days that inspired him to write some of his beautiful poems. In his volume of poems entitled "Whispering Pines" he gives us many glimpses of the old life in Salem.

In addition to being a poet, Boner was a strong editorial writer, contributing to the Literary Digest and the New York World. He was also on the staff of the Century Dic-

tionary. His life was full of hardships and toils, but his thoughts concerning that long and endless sleep are shown in this stanza from "With Him Who Pities the Oppressed":

They see the rest, the long sweet rest
From hopeless anguish, tearful grief,
And know that they will find relief
With Him who pities the oppressed."

But Boner is not the only "maker of sweet verse," our town is proud to claim. Under the pen name "O.H.," Miss Sallie Dickson has for years contributed poems not only to the Charlotte Observer, but also to other daily and religious papers of the South. When Miss Dickson's beautiful poem, "Flotsam," appeared in the Charlotte Observer several years ago, it was widely copied; one of the Raleigh papers calling it "the best poem ever written in North Carolina". The following lines are from "Lost", a poem about which John Charles McNeill wrote: "Your verses in today's Observer are exquisite."

Just a small home-made doll—
The notice read,
And "rag" at that—and all
Who read it said:
"Only a child's rag doll".
Oh you who smiling read
Oh This tale of woe
You careless ones, take heed
Lest you may know
The loss of some "rag doll".
Some loss that others deem
As small as hers.
Some little hope, some dream
Which sorrow stirs
Like this—a child's rag doll.

Miss Dickson, in addition to a volume of poems, has published a number of stories, many of them dealing with our mountain people. Perhaps the best known are "The Story of Marthy," "Reuben Dalton" and "Ralph Fabian's Mistakes", which is a prize story.

Another writer of verse known outside the narrow radius of the home walls is Miss E. A. Lehman of the Salem Female Academy and College, who is recognized as one of the foremost educators in the State. The little volume of her poems published by the Grafton Press of New York in 1904 shows a love of God and nature permeating her verse, lifting thought to higher and better things. Among her best known poems are: "Sunset on Pilot Mountain", "The Graveyard Cedars," "Ode on Bethabara Sesqui Centennial," "The Silent Village," in which is found that oft-repeated quotation:

"The time is not yet
'Tis scarcely noon—there are foes to be met,
Thy work is still to be done,
The evening will bring thee home."

and "In Memory of John Henry Boner."

"He caught his music from Israfil
High chords from his tuneful lute,
But alas the singer lies pale and still
His heart strings shattered and mute."

Two names have already been mentioned as writers of poetry but there still remains another. The Rev. Plato Durham, at present Presiding Elder of the Winston District of the Western North Carolina Methodist Conference, has written numbers of poems, some of which have been published in the Charlotte Observer, and others in the Century Magazine. Among his poems are: "Trinity Bells", "Amer-

ica Suppliant," a poem at the close of an article on Robert E. Lee, the first stanza of which is:

"The years have wrought their miracles; America is one.
The Dream of Lee and Lincoln, out of light and shadow
 spun
Has come to long fulfillment, and their shining task is
 done."

and the poem in which North Carolina is supposed to be speaking to Chas. B. Aycock. I would like to quote every line of it, but will quote only the first and last stanza.

"Come rest within my mother arms, my son,
The night has come, the day's long work is done,
So nobly done that I shall stand to keep
An endless vigil o'er thy mortal sleep.

When marble monument and brazen bust
Shall crumble back again to formless dust,
Thy name, deep graved in love's unfailing art,
Shall still be written on my children's heart."

Dr. Edwin Mims said of this poem: "The new poem goes straight to my heart. This is the kind of poetry I have been looking for from our Southern poets."

Among the writers of short stories in our town, the name of Miss Edna Wilson, a graduate of the Winston High School stands high, for, although very young for a writer, she has contributed several short stories to the Charlotte Observer, which have attracted much attention. Mrs. John Beard is also well known as a writer of stories, having contributed several books and articles to the realms of literature. Another of our writers, with an established reputation, is Mrs. Ida Golding Riddle, who has contributed numbers of stories to the different periodicals, principally the Charlotte Observer and the Twin City Daily Sentinel.

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About five years ago Mrs. Riddle agreed to take a trip to Novia Scotia and other places in that vicinity, in order that she could write an account of the trip. One of her best stories, "Her Treasure," a detective story of Western North Carolina, was published in the March, 1908 number of Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine, of Atlanta. The Sentinel said of it: "The story is interesting and cleverly written." Mrs. Riddle has also written several poems.

Miss Ida Hinshaw is a story writer of almost national repute. Besides contributing to such state papers as the Sentinel, Charlotte Observer, News and Observer and the North Carolina Advocate, she contributed a long article on "Easter Moravian Services" to the New York Evening Post, and one on "Whistler's Early Drawings" to the Century Magazine. Also her article pertaining to Cornwallis' visit at Huntsville will appear in the next issue of the Journal of American History, one of the highest priced magazines in the United States. Mr. W. T. Wilson, a rising young lawyer of Winston, wrote "For the Love of Lady Margaret," a book well known among the lovers of romance. Mr. Wilson contributes largely to the Charlotte Observer and other State papers. Some of Mr. Wilson's best short stories are "The Green Room," "The Fifth Corner," "The Strange Murder of James King."

Our town is proud to claim two historians. Miss Adelaide Fries has written a "History of Forsyth County," which gives an excellent description of our county from its founding to recent years. Miss Fries, besides contributing to the daily papers and periodicals of our State, and also to several prominent historical magazines, has written another history entitled "The Moravians in Georgia."

Our other historian is Dr. John Henry Clewell. In his "History of Wachovia" we get another fine account of the settlement and building up of Forsyth county and its towns.

One of our town's most successful young writers is Mr. Gilbert T. Stephenson, who obtained his education at Wake Forest and afterward at Harvard, receiving the degree of A. M. at both places, and that of L. L. B. at the latter. In 1906 he represented Harvard as the Commencement Orator of the Graduate School, and in 1910, secured a license to practice law. His chief work is a book entitled "Race Distinctions in American Law." When this book was published about the latter part of 1910, it produced a profound impression, not only throughout this continent, but even through a large part of the civilized world. One of the New York newspapers, in commenting upon the book, had in it these words: "A copy of the great French publication, the *Bulletin Mensirelle de l'Institute de Sociologie Salvoy*" was received here yesterday, and it is noticeable, though Greek to the reporter, that it contains a seven page review of Mr. G. T. Stephenson's book, "Race Distinctions in American Law". Besides hundreds of letters and clippings from various papers, the author has received letters from foreigners, commending his work. Among these were letters from Mr. Chas. E. Guinnell, late editor of American Law Magazine, but now retired and spending several months in Switzerland, R. S. Howard, of Rangoon, India, and J. L. Shaysman, of the Imperial Pie-Yong University, China.

Ex-Judge George P. Pell is recognized as one of the greatest of the legal authorities in our state. Mr. Pell has devoted much time to legal literature, and his contributions have been of permanent and special value to all the lawyers of North Carolina. He was secretary of the Code Commission, which published the revisal of 1905, he is the author of Pell's Banking and Negotiable Instrument Law, and also writes frequently for the papers of this state. But the monument on which his fame rests secure is that he is the author of "Pell's Revisal of North Carolina Laws." Mr.

D. H. Harris, of Jefferson City, Mo., said of this work: "The index of your work is so admirably and thoroughly done." Also the late Chas. B. Aycock said: "I do not see how any North Carolina practitioner can hope successfully to conduct his business without having this book constantly before him."

My task is now done. As I said before, a scarcity of space prevents my mentioning all the writers of our town. Just as the literary spirit of our town has grown within the last ten years, let us hope that when the succeeding decade rolls by, this spirit may have increased in the same proportion. Prof. Edwin Mims said: "The only thing your town needs in order to become the largest in the State, is for some literary persons of note to reside in it." If that utopian time is destined not to be brought about by some of the above writers, then may their mantle fall upon one of the future generation.

—Robert Vaughn.



Nature's Lesson

Just a little sapling by the wayside now ;
And tho' 'tis small, some day 'twill be tall,
And weary travellers may rest 'neath its bough
And it will bring comfort and rest to all.

Just a small vine creeping up a stone wall ;
Yet some day it will grow and be filled with flowers,
And its beauty and fragrance be a joy to all,
Through many long and weary hours.

Just a kind word, a loving deed,
Which we may perform as we go on our way.
May prove as life passes, to be the seed
Of other beautiful deeds, we can do every day.

There are many small lessons we might learn
From nature, if only we were not so blind.
Alas! too many of us to other things turn
And so lose the lesson that we might find.

—Linville Martin.



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Subscription PriceFifty Cents the Year.

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For Advertising Rates, address the Managers.

Entered at the Post Office at Winston-Salem, N. C., as
Second Class Mail Matter.

Editorial



ALL the articles in this issue of the magazine are of local interest. The two stories are based entirely on the interesting facts of which we find so many in Salem, but the stories running through them are original. All of the material has been written by the members of the senior class as it was agreed that this should be their issue of the magazine.

The class of 1912 is more fortunate than any other class in the history of the Winston City High School, because we have the rare privilege of graduating twice from the same institution. Since this was the case we thought that perhaps the usual exercises might become monotonous for us and for the public at large, so we decided to break this monotony by giving "The Princess". This well known play of Tennyson's is being given for commencement all

over the country in High Schools and Colleges. We hope to make it a brilliant success and distinguish ourselves at the same time.

The progress of the Winston City Public Schools during the session of 1911-12 has been worthy of special notice. In every department some material improvement has been made, the most noticeable of which has been the erection and equipment of school buildings. An 8 room brick building has been added to the West End School plant, and a 12 room brick building to the north school. In addition to these a new 12 room building is nearing completion in East Winston. These buildings are all constructed along the most approved lines of school architecture and present a very pleasing appearance. The erection of these buildings was made necessary by the previous crowded condition of the schools together with a 10 per cent. increase in enrollment.

With this equipment we feel safe in saying that Winston has five of the best schools in the State.

A great many other additions and developments have been made along the line of internal improvement, all of which have increased the efficiency of the school system. However, it is not within the scope of this paper to enter into the details of such growth other than to emphasize the fact that the general trend of the school is upward.

The play "Mose," given by the High School Dramatic Club for the benefit of The Black and Gold, proved quite a success, both from the standpoint of finances and dramatics. It was repeated with a large, appreciative audience.

Lorals

Chapel Talks.

Our school was greatly honored in having Ex-Governor R. B. Glenn speak quite recently to us on the life and character of Charles Bradley Aycock. Governor Glenn related in his own interesting way, the brave and just character of Aycock and urged all to take him for an example. He said that Aycock died doing his duty. His last word was "Education," his last plea was for the uplifting of humanity.

Mr. L. W. Collins, of Grace M. E. Church and Mr. J. H. Clement of faculty have also given encouraging and inspiring talks at our chapel exercises.

During the second week of May, Winston was very fortunate in having the State Federation of Women's Clubs meet here. Representatives from the clubs of all the towns throughout the State were present, and many of North Carolina's most intellectual women. The meeting was one of keen enjoyment for all; because aside from the business meetings, our club women were entertained at luncheons, receptions, and an automobile ride was given them. As women are never so happy as when "clubbing," we can truthfully say that they had a very good time.

Graduating Themes 1912.

Poe and Lanier—A Comparison, Sudie Byerly.

Representative Writers of the South, Mary Grogan.
A Moravian Poet, Mary Horton.

Woman Writers of our State, Mary Norman.

Irvin Russel, Ernestine Lott.

Why I Like Timrod, Sudie Self.

The Poet Through His Verses, Mamie Wall.

Simms, "The Cooper of the South," David Crawford.

My Visit to the Salem Museum, Harry Dalton.

David Crockett, the Pioneer Writer, Luther Ferrell.

North Carolina in the Literary World, Linville Martin.

Lanier and His Poems, William Pell.

The Study of Southern Literature, Moses Shapiro.

Life in Old Salem, as seen through Old Relics, Paul Sprinkle.

Winston-Salem in the Literary World, Robert Vaughn.

Personals

Mr. Jefferson Casey, a former student of this school, is making fine grades at Washington and Lee.

Mr. Thomas Pepper, formerly a student of this school, is attending Oak Ridge this year.

Mr. Alden Penry, a graduate of the class of '09, has returned from Germany, where he has been studying art and architecture.

Messrs. Carl Ogburn, Ashton Hill and Watt Martin, former members of the High School, are attending Woodbury Forest Institute, Orange, Va.

Mr. Howard Godfry, '11, has recently been promoted and is in Bristol, Tenn., as Mr. R. S. Reynolds' private secretary.

Miss Irene Morris, '11, is now working in the law office of Mr. Fred Parrish.

Miss Grace Bynum, who graduated from this school last year, has returned home from her studies at the State Normal to accept a responsible position with R. J. Reynolds Company.

Mr. Robert Lee Hayes, a former student of the High School, who is now at Trinity Park School has recently been victorious in a debate between Trinity Park School and Wofford Fitting School.

A letter from Arthur Hauser, '11, who has moved to Prosser, Wash., has been received here in which he states that he is having a fine time. We are glad to learn that he has a splendid position.

Mr. William Gray, a graduate of the class of 1909, who is attending Trinity College at Hartford, Mass., will return to Winston in July, accompanied by his sister, Miss Margaret Gray, of the class of 1911.

We are very sorry to know that Miss Donna Henry, of the class of 1911, has found it necessary to go to Asheville in the interest of her health. We hope that she will have a speedy recovery in the "Land of the Sky."

Mr. John Hanes, a former graduate of Winston High School, has had a very successful year as member of the North Carolina University Baseball Team, and has rendered great help in defeating the strong team of the University of Virginia.

Exchanges and Reviews

"John Marshall Record," the March and April issues: "A Modern Icarus" in the March issue is a very interesting, well written story. "A Trial In 1925" gives a very ridiculous light to the suffragette question. The editorials are fine. The best thing in the April number is the beautiful little poem, "Spring Time." "A Peasant's Story" is very good. We agree with the author of "Miss Gibbie Gault" in her opinions of that wonderful little book.

"The Pointer" is a very attractive magazine. The March number contains good stories and the poems are especially good. The Editorial on "The Importance of Reading Good Literature" also deserves mention. In the April issue, the editorials are rather brief and we would like to suggest that you have a separate column for your jokes. The stories are good, but a few poems would add a good deal to your magazine.

"The Messenger," March and April issues. This is the best magazine received. The poems are good, especially "Amity Ann". The continued story, "Unlucky Pip" is excellent, being very original and out of ordinary, and the short stories are very interesting.

The Lexington High School Magazine is well gotten up and very interesting as a whole. "A Question of Love" has a very fine plot and holds the interest of the reader until the very last. An especially good production is "The Leap Year Dance," in that it shows the originality of the writer. The magazine contains some very fine jokes. The editorials are good also, and are well worth reading.

"The Critic," April and March issues: The story, "What's in a Name" is unusually good and the writer deserves much credit. The jokes are fine, but fewer jokes and more poems would add greatly to the March number.

The Shakesperean number for April is especially good because it is so original. The spirit of the students in connection with their school work is something to be proud of. Every department is well gotten up and is interesting. "The Critic" deserves much praise.

The Wahiseo: We like the poems very much and also the stories, especially "David" and "Julia". We are glad to see that an "Art Department" has been formed.

Statesville High School Magazine: We should like to congratulate the Statesville High School Magazine on their attractive magazine. We especially like the little poem, "In Winter". "A Husband's Experience in Cooking" is very clever, and the two essays are fine.

"The High School Enterprise" is a very bright and catchy magazine. "His First Baseball Game" is of especial interest.

We wish to acknowledge the following: "The University of Virginia Magazine," "Davidson College Magazine," "The Red and White," "State Normal Magazine," "The Blue and White," "The Athenian," "The Comet," "Mars Hill Record," "The High School Echo," "Sacred Heart Echo" and "Park School Gazette".

Athletics

The 1912 Base Ball season of the Winston High School opened in Winston. Greensboro were our opponents. This time, they found themselves completely fooled and returned home defeated by the score of 4 to 3. The game was extremely fast and was a pitcher's battle between Baker for Winston and Lewis for Greensboro. Each team secured 5 hits. Lewis had 12 strike-outs to his credit and Baker had nine.

The second game was played in High Point. This time we were badly beaten by what is considered the best High School team in the State. The score was 23 to 8. High Point had just secured a new diamond, which was not yet in good condition, and our men found it extremely hard to play good ball, and so lost on account of very bad errors. In the matter of hits, Winston and High Point secured nearly the same. High Point on the other hand, played a good fielding game. It is hoped that on their return game we may be able to give High Point the same dose they gave us. The batteries were: Cecil and White for High Point, and Fogleman and King for Winston.

The next game proved a victory for us. This time it was against the Guilford "Kid" team. The game was fast and had many features, among which were the pitching of Tucker, the hitting and base-running of Crawford, the hitting of Pinkston and Speer, for the locals, and the fielding of Peoples for Guilford. The batteries were Tindley and Edgerton for Guilford, and Tucker and Speer for Winston.

There were three or four other games scheduled, but were knocked out on account of rain. These we will attempt to play off soon.

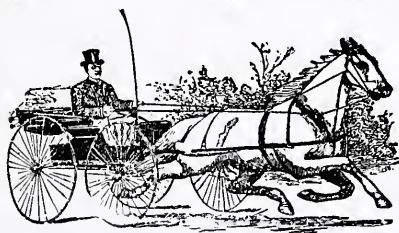
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What is the area in square miles of Forsyth County?

How many square acres has Forsyth County?

Name the two largest streams in Forsyth County, their general course and the streams in which they empty.

Name the principal historic points in Forsyth County.

When was Salem settlement established and Salem College founded?

When was Winston established and when incorporated?

Name the Mayors of Salem and Winston, when they serve and for how long?

What five things are most necessary to the future progress of Winston?

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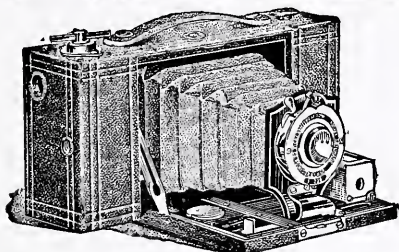
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




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